THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 8, 1805.

Sketch of the Life of that reſpectable Prelate, the late Archbiſhop Moore.

DR. MOORE, like Cranmer, Parker, Abbot, and others of the ableſt and beſt prelates whom the church of England has to boaſt of, originally ſprung from a very humble ſituation in life. The late archbiſhop was a native of Glouceſter, where his father, a butcher, was in ſuch narrow circumſtances, that he was unable to give his ſon that liberal education which he wiſhed for and deſerved. He was, however, initiated in claſſical learning at the free-ſchool of his native city; and ſome friends of his family having remarked the docility of his temper, and his promiſing talents, procured for him a ſubordinate ſituation in Pembroke College, Oxford, whence he afterwards removed to Chriſt Church. While at college, Mr. Moore applied himſelf to his ſtudies with commendable induſtry, and was deſervedly reſpected for his modeſt demeanour, the regularity of his conduct, and his conſiderable claſſical attainments.

During his reſidence at Oxford, the following ſeemingly caſual circumſtance conducted Mr. Moore to a higher proſpect, and a more likely ſituation, than what lay before within his view. The late duke of Marlborough, in conſequence of his propenſity to mathematical ſtudies, frequently invited Mr. Bliſs, Savilian profeſſor of geometry at Oxford, and aſtronomer royal, to his houſe at Blenheim. In one of thoſe viſits, the duke deſired the profeſſor to recommend ſome young man qualified to act as private tutor to the marquis of Blandford. While Mr. Bliſs was deliberating on this propoſal, young Moore was ſauntering in the park, and as he was of the ſame college with the

profeſſor, who had a particular reſpect for his character, Mr. Moore was recommended to his grace as a proper perſon, and ſent for, and very readily accepted the offer which was made him. It is remarkable, that, although the ducheſs would not ſuffer her ſon's inſtructor to dine in her preſence, yet that, when ſhe became a widow, ſhe actually ſolicited or courted the very ſame tutor to receive her hand. Mr. Moore prudently declined the acceptance of this offer, and this generous conduct endearing him to his pupil and the whole family, every exertion was made to ſecure his promotion in the church. As a firſt ſtep, the young duke ſettled an annuity of 400l. upon Dr. Moore, and obtained for him, in the year 1769, a prebendary's ſtall in the cathedral of Durham.

In 1771, the duke perſonally ſolicited for him of the king the deanery of Canterbury, and obtained it, and, in 1775, Dr. Moore was made biſhop of Bangor. On the death of Dr. Frederick Cornwallis, in 1783, the two prelates, Drs. Lowth and Hurd, having declined the ſee of Canterbury, the former on account of his great age, and the latter from a ſuperior attachment to his own dioceſe of Worceſter, Dr. Moore was advanced to the *ne plus ultra* of eccleſiaſtical dignity, which at leaſt, as ſome imagine, was the effect of the ſame patronage which firſt raiſed him in the church. His grace's conduct in this high preferment has been very judicious, temperate, and decorous; neither ſuch as to inflame the minds of diſſenters on the one hand, nor to alarm the friends of orthodoxy on the other. He has taken no active buſtling part in political diſputes, and has countenanced and ſupported alike the extenſion of toleration and epiſcopacy, which have both taken place, by relieving the catholics in England, and the appointing of biſhops in America. His grace has moreover been the uniform friend of merit, and numerous acts of generous patronage might be here recorded to his worthy praiſe. As Dr. Moore advanced in preferment, his attention to every portion of his obſcure family, and in particular to his father, who had failed in buſineſs, was proportionably and honourably increaſed.

The diſtinguiſhing feature of his grace's character, and which deſervedly entitled him to reſpect and eſteem, was the moderation with which he uniformly conducted himſelf, and the mild dignity with which he diſcharged the duties of his high ſtation; forming a contraſt to the behaviour of many of thoſe who have, like him, riſen to the apex of their profeſſion.

The archbiſhop has only printed two ſermons; the one preached on the 30th of January, 1777, before the houſe of lords; and the other on the faſt-day, in 1781. His grace married a ſiſter of Lord Auckland, by whom he has left ſeveral children. He died at Lambeth Palace, on Friday, January 18, 1805.

INSPECTOR.

INSPECTOR. No. V.

"Some village Hampden that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt;
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood."

IT is a juſt and excellent obſervation of Blair, that there is hardly any circumſtance in life, in which the hiſtory of our Saviour will not afford us counſel to act conſiſtently. Either his actions or his exhortations apply to the whole extent of our civil and moral duty; and in every reſpect we ſee his life conſiſtent with his advice to others; a degree of purity and rectitude, to which the moſt righteous mortal never arrived. A peculiarity in the ſacred writings is the ſtrength of the language, and the quantity of ſentiment they contain. Scarcely a ſingle ſentence can be produced, which does not compriſe the whole duty of man. But though they are all ſo ſententious, yet they vary the mode of inſtruction, and repreſent our duties in a variety of lights.

Amongſt this valuable treaſure of knowledge, and rules for the conduct of life, none ſeems more forcible, or to contain a more extenſive circle of virtues, than, "Do unto others as ye would that they ſhould do unto you." Did we always, before we entered on an action, ſay to ourſelves, "Am I going to treat my neighbour in the manner I ſhould wiſh him to treat me?" the world would preſent a far different ſcene to what it now does. But though the harmony and benevolence which would reſult from the obſervation of this divine rule, is, perhaps, in the preſent ſtate of things, ideal, and what we cannot expect to exiſt, yet it certainly behoves thoſe who ſtyle themſelves Chriſtians, to pay ſome attention to it. If they are not willing to reſign their own intereſt for the good of their fellow-creatures, let them, at leaſt, endeavour to promote each other's happineſs, when it will not be any inconvenience; and not take a delight in making them uneaſy, and deſtroying every little comfort they enjoy. But this is ſo oppoſite to the practice of many Chriſtians, and even thoſe who put on a more than common appearance of religion, their ſole pleaſure ſeems to conſiſt in others' miſery; and the happineſs of their neighbours is a ſufficient cauſe to render them uncomfortable.

It is very inſtructive and entertaining, to trace a character from a low to an exalted ſtation in life, and obſerve what a variety of paſſions and diſpoſitions, different ſituations occaſion in the ſame perſon. We feel every particle of blood glow with indignation, or freeze with horror, when we read an account of the extenſive cruelties of the ruler of a nation, who to gratify ſome paſſion, or indulge ſome weakneſs, makes thouſands miſera-

ble. At the ſame time we feel thankful that ſuch monſters appear but rarely in the world. But this I believe is a miſtake which ariſes from want of conſideration; it is only the defect of power and influence to exert their paſſions, which prevents many, in a lower ſituation, from committing the ſame inhumanities. To diſcover the truth of this, we have but to examine mankind a little nearer. We may ſee daily inſtances of people, who as far as their authority extends, make every one around them miſerable. They have juſt the ſame deſires and paſſions; and we may conclude, that he who, at the head of a family, uſes his authority to deſtroy the comforts of thoſe beneath him, would, if placed upon a throne, make a whole nation unhappy.

I am of opinion with Cowper, that,

" Unleſs a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire, is more than thoſe he brands to blame;
He hides behind a magiſterial air
His own offences, and ſtrips others bare;
Affects, indeed, a moſt humane concern,
That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn;
That muliſh folly, not to be reclaim'd,
By ſofter methods, muſt be made aſham'd;
But (I might inſtance in St. Patrick's dean)
Too often rails to gratify his ſpleen."

With every ſentiment in theſe lines I coincide; I think that where a perſon has but the common failings of humanity, charity forbids us to ſatirize them. But when a perſon exceeds this, and endangers the order of ſociety, their good ſhould be preferred to his, and he publicly corrected.

This paper is the reſult of a diſcourſe we had at our laſt meeting, where my friend gave us a deſcription of one of theſe little tyrants. " There is a lady," ſays Tom, " with whom I am acquainted, whoſe example will prove the truth of this obſervation. She is a woman of an envious, malicious ſpirit, and her whole endeavour ſeems to be to deſtroy the comfort of the family, at the head of which ſhe is placed. It always gives her viſible pain to ſee or hear of the advantage of another; and it appears that her greateſt pleaſure conſiſts in injuring every character on which ſhe can lay hold. But the worſt part of her character proceeds from an extremely mean avarice, which ſo affects her behaviour, as to render her ſervice almoſt intolerable. So inconſiſtent appears this diſpoſition with a religious character, that I never hear her giving out ſerious lectures on piety, benevolence, and generoſity, but it recalls to my mind, a paſſage in Blair; " The ſpirit of true religion breathes gentleneſs and affability." When I have with ſorrow beheld the evils occaſioned by this woman, I have thought, that the care of a family ſhould

be

be conſidered as a ſacred charge, on whoſe right management depends the happineſs of ſeveral individuals.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On EDUCATION.

——Animum picturâ paſcit inani.—VIRG.

THE education of children is a very important taſk, and demands the utmoſt care and attention; ſince on this one point chiefly depends the happineſs or miſery of their exiſtence. It is the fountain either of virtue or vice, wiſdom or folly; and if the ſource is foul, how can the ſtream be clear? Indeed it is a juſt obſervation, that, "habit is a ſecond nature;" I by no means admire the method of inſtruction ſo univerſally adopted in our genteel ſeminaries. I may, I believe, ſafely affirm that the attention of pupils is more generally directed to the hiſtory of the heathen deities, than to the only true and great God; which is a circumſtance highly to be lamented. Religion ſhould certainly be their firſt and chiefeſt care, and in a nation ſo eminent for profeſſing Chriſtianity, it is rather aſtoniſhing that ſo little attention ſhould be paid to this grand and eſſential point. I grant that the ſeeds of virtue and morality may be ſcattered amongſt them; but theſe are inſufficient of themſelves to produce good fruit; unleſs they are ſown in the ſoil of religion, and cheriſhed by the ſun of divine truth, they will be inevitably choaked by the foul weeds of error and infidelity. I conceive it therefore of the higheſt importance to inſtruct children in the doctrines of the New Teſtament, which contains the fundamental truths of Chriſtianity, and without which the grand ſcheme of goſpel ſalvation is robbed of all its glory. Had this method of education been more ſtrictly adhered to, we ſhould perceive our lovers of ſcience reſigning their inſignificant purſuits after worldly knowledge, for the ſtudy of the ſacred volume, that only book of true knowledge. But alas! it is a lamentable fact, that the generality of our authors at the preſent era, are far more zealous in diſſeminating works of a far inferior nature, which merely ſerve to diſcover the vanity of their purſuits. Many, I am convinced, perfectly coincide in my opinion; and yet ſuch are the intoxicating effects of worldly glory and ambition, that thoſe ſelf-ſame people, plunge headlong into the very fatal abyſs, which extends its deſtructive chaſm before them.

"All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' every ſtage——
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;

"Knows

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan:
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves: and re-reſolves: then dies the ſame."

YOUNG.

Happy—thrice happy is the man, who riſes ſuperior to the ſcoffs of ridicule, and firmly relying on the goſpel promiſes, looks forward with cheerfulneſs to their fulfilment. He is the only poſſeſſor of real happineſs in this life, and enjoys through faith a ſweet prelibation of that felicity in the life to come, which ſurpaſſes the utmoſt bounds of our conceptions.

COLIN.

On GAMING.

A Traveller, who had ſeen the remoteſt parts of the globe, on his return was ſolicited by his friends to relate his adventures.—"I have ſeen," ſaid he, "in a region beyond the Hurons, a ſtrange ſet of beings, who often ſit together whole nights, without the attraction of any thing to gratify the appetite. The thunder might rattle over their heads, or armies engage behind them, without diſturbing them in the leaſt, as they are deaf and dumb. At times, they utter ſome inarticulate ſounds, without meaning or connection, rolling their eyes in the oddeſt manner poſſible at each other. On other occaſions, their countenances are marked with the moſt horrid expreſſion of the moſt malignant paſſions." Heavens! exclaimed the hearers of the traveller, what can be the object of theſe unhappy wretches? Are they ſervants of the public? No. Are they in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone? No. Of the perpetual motion, perhaps? No. Then they are certainly ſent thither in order to repent and atone for their crimes? No? you are as much deceived, my friends, as ever. Good God! then they muſt be madmen. Deaf, dumb, and inſenſible! What in the name of wonder can employ them? Why gaming.

Deſcription of the Fall of Rhair Du, with ſome Obſervations on the Manners of the Welſh.

[From a Tour through North Wales.]

AT ſome ſmall diſtance from the ſouthern extreme of the valley of Feſtiniog is to be ſeen the Fall of Rhaidr Du, or Dwy. The path lies, for ſome diſtance, along the hazardous

road to Harlech: when we turned from thence, we placed ourſelves under the guidance of two girls, whoſe mother willingly adventured their necks for the ſake of the ſixpence promiſed in reward. Our road grew more uneven at every ſtep; and, at length, conducted us to the ſide of an intervening mountain, along the ſteepeſt and moſt rugged part of which our barefooted companions choſe to lead us. At length we attained an acclivity nearly perpendicular, and down which, as we ſlowly proceeded, we aſſuredly ſhould have rolled, but for the ſtout heath which emboſſed its ſide, and lent ſome ſtay to the unaccuſtomed traveller. To argue with our guides on the unneceſſarily difficult part of the mountain they ſelected for our path, was utterly out of our power, as they ſpoke no Engliſh, and we no Welſh. On pointing and endeavouring by ſigns to explain to them our meaning, they very deliberately ſat themſelves down; imagining, no doubt, that we wiſhed to contemplate the proſpect. For them to form an idea of our difficulties, appeared not very eaſy: uſed to the mountains from infancy, they climbed and ſkipped from cragg to cragg with the agility of the goat, and with his fearleſsneſs.

Arrived at a favourable point, the ſtream diſcloſes its fall in a moſt picturesque manner. It certainly is a waterfall of much beauty. The ſtream which you croſs, ſix miles below Tan-y-bwlch, on the Dolgelly road, find its ſylvan channel through the mountains of Merionethſhire, and here is viewed tumbling precipitouſly through a woody and waving bed for a conſiderable diſtance; when, gaining the ſteep deſcent, it ruſhes foaming down a depth of perhaps forty feet, where it is received in a baſin, ſkirted and almoſt vaulted with mountain trees. Hence, renewing its courſe over a pebbly bottom, it joins the Drwydd, and glides over the ſands towards the main ocean; a branch of the confluence being navigable, and uſed to convey ſlate to veſſels of ſuperior tonnage.

But when I was at Rhaidr Du, the fine weather, which had long been a ſource of enjoyment to me, proved an unfavourable circumſtance, by cauſing the ſtream to be ſhallow, and thereby diſcloſing the mechaniſm of the fall, if the term be allowable. It was exhibited ſliding down about twenty-five feet, and then deſcending perpendicularly fifteen; the latter only wearing the appearance of a caſcade. Still I muſt conſider this a very fine point to enable the ſtranger to form a due idea of the Alpine ſcenery of Wales.—The hill piled on hill which riſe on either ſide; the ſtream rolling along its woody channel in the diſtance, over which the kite ſails in deſert grandeur through the air; all conſpire to breath much of that pleaſing horror that the contemplation of nature in the wildeſt of her moods cannot fail to inſpire.

Dr.

Dr. Johnſon, with the frigidity of a dim-ſighted philoſopher, obſerves, that "all green fields look alike;" inſinuating, by that aſſertion, that the proper object of the traveller is to be found in the manners of the inhabitants, rather than the character of their country; forgetting, perhaps, that the deſcription of the one will often be the index to the other. It is with pleaſure I ſay, that, as far as ſimplicity of manners, civility, and good humour go, the tenants of this valley need not ſhrink from an eſtimate that rates at a high degree the value of the country they enjoy. Senſibility to ſympathiſe with the charms of their ſituation is ſcarcely to be expected; and from thoſe boiſterous paſſions that prevent our doing more than imagine a perfection of happineſs we can never poſſeſs, what ſpot is free? There is, however, no doubt that the rankeſt weeds ſhoot up within the confines of the hotbed; and thus the tenant of the lone cottage, remote from the buſy haunts of ſociety, may be reaſonably ſuppoſed to know leſs of the turbulent demons that agitate the bulk of mankind, than the envied and envious inhabitant of the city.

The obliging demeanour of the peaſantry, in this ſecluded neighbourhood, does credit to the character of its chief; for the dependants will ſeldom be found accommodating, where the maſter is deficient in juſtice, good breeding, and hoſpitality. Of the frequency of this latter quality among the Welſh gentlemen, ſo much has been ſaid, that it demands ſome particular attention. Mr. Skrine, in his "Tours of Wales," remarks, "that thoſe travellers who come into the country properly recommended have been ſhewn its curioſities with all the energy of zealous attention; and entertained with that kind of impreſſive welcome which may be ſought for, in vain, in more poliſhed diſtricts." But, ſurely, this is a moſt vague delineation of a national virtue. If an Iriſhman arrive in London, or an Engliſhman in Dublin, properly recommended, there is no queſtion that he would be entertained with all the rites of hoſpitality. In attending to a recommendatory introduction, the party looks forward to a participation of good offices; but he is alone to be called hoſpitable, in the full ſenſe of the word, who is willing to communicate his excluſive advantages to the unprovided ſtranger. Mr. Pratt, in his "Gleanings," tells a ſtory of a perſon, who was tranſmitted from one gentleman's houſe to another, through the whole country, without being ſuffered to look for accommodation elſewhere; and the tale that he repeats may undoubtedly be authentic, and yet not entitle the preſent race of Welſh gentry to the character of general hoſpitality. The fact is, that the neceſſity for the practice of this virtue has ceaſed. Before regular and convenient inns were erected throughout the principality, each reſident was obliged to depend on the next manſion for ſhelter and accommodation in his journies, in return for

which entertainment, his own houſe was open to all way-bound travellers; and theſe did not come ſufficiently often to tire his liberality. Thus, at the preſent day, I know a gentleman in the ſouthern diviſion of Wales, whoſe ſituation, though not very diſtant from the frontier towns, is ſtill ſo lonely, that a bed or two are always at the command of the exhauſted paſſenger; and yet this perſon is by no means eminent for conviviality, or a readineſs to beſtow benefits for which he expects no equivalent. The increaſed goodneſs of roads, and conſequent facility of removal, have long ſince obviated the neceſſity, and therefore deſtroyed the practice, of a general welcome throughout moſt parts of the Welſh diſtricts.

Thus, as the barrier between two countries leſſens, all real or ſuppoſed national peculiarities die away. The Welſh love of genealogy has been univerſally talked of, and frequently made the ſubject of ridicule. The pride of anceſtry is ſo natural a gratification to man in a ſtate of refined ſociety, that it almoſt ſeems unneceſſary to attempt its analyzation; but of this Welſh pride the immediate origin may be aſcertained. At a period when martial deeds were alone the objects of public applauſe, as being ſo ſtrongly neceſſary to the national ſafety, the bard led the way, and, while he chaunted the acts of their illuſtrious forefathers, his auditors grew enamoured of reflected celebrity, and fondly numbered all the chieftains of a paſt date with whom they could claim affinity. A wild and thinly-ſpread people, divided into local animoſities, had need likewiſe to encreaſe the bonds of relationſhip, and ſtrengthen the ſecurity of particular families, by every poſſible tie: hence from generation to generation were accurately recollected all the *aps* of intermarriages; but, as in the former inſtance, with the motive has faded the effect, ſave in ſuch partial circumſtances as will always form an exception to general obſervations. Mining and ſlateworking prevail too generally to ſuffer the harmleſs vanity of genealogy to obtain many votaries. If it yet make a ſtand, it is to be found, perhaps, in ſome meaſure, in the families of thoſe few native gentlemen who have been contented with a life of peaceful reſidence on their paternal eſtates, and who may truly be termed the bleſſing of their country, as the diſpenſers of all the advantages of the feudal ſyſtem, without any of its evils.

No ſooner is the vale of Feſtiniog ſurmounted, than you perceive it to be a ſpeck of fertility in the midſt of a deſert, and enter, by an abrupt tranſition, on that immenſe chain of mountains that forms the acceſs to Snowdon and its various horrors. The road, in ſpite of every modern improvement, climbs ſuch quick aſcents, and ſinks ſo precipitouſly down, that it would ſeem to mock the efforts of the moſt hardy traveller; but frequently, from the ſolid rock, it affords no footing to a horſe ſhod in the uſual manner, while a falſe ſtep threatens immediate

deſtruction. Agriculture is nearly baniſhed from the dreary waſtes on which you now enter; occaſionally, however, is ſeen a miſerable cot, ſurrounded by ſtill more miſerable crops of oats and barley, growing literally in the interſtices of the ſtony rock. Such an introduction uſhers you to Pont-Aberglaſlyn, a paſs in which the beautiful and the terrific are mingled with peculiar felicity.

The black and impetuous torrent which ſeparates the two counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon here foams over confuſed fragments of rock; maſſes which have fallen from the bold and gloomy mountains that protect the channel of the ſtream, and lift their aſpiring heads in gigantic magnificence above the clouds.—Down the rugged ſides of theſe ſtupendous mountains, through fiſſures of their own ſupplying, fall numberleſs cataracts that lend their aid to the indignant ſtream, and ruſh toward the ocean, with accumulated violence, down an abrupt fall under the bridge which forms the paſs, and which is thrown in a ſingle arch from rock to rock. As you proceed on your beetling road, the furious torrent recedes by degrees to a greater depth beneath you, and, at length, is almoſt hidden by the profound ſhadows of the elevations that encompaſs it; beſtowing freſh terrors in its half-obſcurity, and blending the faint thunders of its echo with the diſcordant cry of the mountain-birds.

It was in the neighbourhood of this paſs that we firſt ſaw goats in any ſtate bordering on that of wildneſs. Thoſe we firſt perceived were perfectly white; and as they ſprang from one ridge of the ſteep to another in ſearch of its ſcanty herbage, we could not but think they added highly to the character of the ſcene. The perſon who adopts vulgar opinions without conſideration will not, perhaps, find ſo many of theſe animals in the principality as he may expect; yet, in the more barren and mountainous diſtricts, incapable of affording ſuſtenance to any other uſeful beaſt, a conſiderable number is ſtill preſerved, who wander in a manner ſo nearly approaching that of nature, as to render it very difficult for their reſpective owners to aſcertain each his property. The fleſh of the kid is offered for ſale in quarters, during the ſeaſon, at the principal towns, and is really a delicious article of food.

Account of an Aeroſtatic Voyage from Peterſburgh made by M. Robertſon and M. Sacharoff.

THE balloon made uſe of on this occaſion was a ſphere of thirty feet in diameter, and roſe at a quarter paſt ſeven in the evening, with the aſcenſional force of one pound, the whole weight

weight of ſolid matter (including 110 pounds of ſand for ballaſt) being 622 pounds. When they were over the river Neva, at the elevation of 108 toiſes, or 620 feet, they deſcended a little by the condenſation of the gas; but roſe again by throwing out a little of the ballaſt. The uſual phenomenon of a ſlow rotation of the balloon preſented itſelf, which doubtleſs aroſe from the unequal action of the air againſt an irregular ſurface, as we ſee in moſt other bodies riſing or falling in a fluid.

The aëronauts having noticed by their inſtruments what were the direction of the currents of air at different heights, found themſelves in one which carried them directly towards the Baltic. They therefore deſcended 'till they ſaw by the barometer that they had returned to a current which carried them inland; and afterwards again roſe much higher, and ſaw with great preciſion by their teleſcope the inſtant of their quitting the gulph. When the barometer ſtood at 24 inches, they let go a pigeon who flew with difficulty, and would not quit the balloon; but, upon being precipitated, he in vain endeavoured to regain it, and at length deſcended rapidly towards the earth. At ten at night the balloon had riſen to an height indicated by 22 inches of the mercurial column, the thermometer ſtanding at 4½ degrees (I ſuppoſe centigrade). Here it was that M. Sacharoff carefully obſerved a phenomenon which had been before remarked by M. Robertſon, in his aſcent from Hamburgh, but at a much greater elevation. Their dipping needle was deranged; but on inſpecting the common compaſs, its needle was found to be no longer horizontal, the north end being elevated near ten degrees. On this phenomenon they remark, that the magnetic retraction probably diminiſhing as the ſquare of the diſtance may afford additional means of directing future obſervers in the atmoſphere, and even determine the elevations independently of the barometer. From the preſent elevation, a pigeon being thrown down, fell ſo directly, that it was doubted whether he could have reached the earth alive.

Darkneſs coming on, it became neceſſary to deſcend, during which the obſerver repeatedly made an experiment, which alſo promiſes to be of great utility to voyagers in the air, as well as to enlighten our concluſions reſpecting the phenomena of ſound. When they ſpoke through a trumpet directed towards the earth, the voice was returned with extreme preciſion, and without ſeeming to have loſt any part of its intenſity. No repetition was made except when the trumpet was directed to the earth; and the intervals of reflection were different according to the elevation of the obſervers. The percuſſion impreſſed on the air by the ſound, every time produced a ſlight undulation in the aeroſtat; whence they deduce an inference in favour of the ſuppoſed efficacy of cannon in partly modifying or averting the diſcharge of ſtormy clouds. In one of their experiments, the

ſound employed ten ſeconds in its return, which would give a diſtance of about two miles out and home, if the ſame law of the velocity of ſound were ſuppoſed to prevail in the perpendicular courſe as along the ſurface of the earth, which, however, does not ſeem likely.—The barometer ſtood then at 27 inches, and at their outſet it was at 30 inches on the ground. It would be eaſy, and it is ſurely deſirable, to make experiments with cannon and ſtop-watches on the velocity of aſcending, and, if poſſible, deſcending, ſound.

This reflection of ſound or echo, is a ſubject of very great curioſity. There is perhaps no other inſtance in nature where ſo extended a wall of reflection can be had. The apparent intenſity of the returned ſound may in ſome meaſure have depended on the perfect ſilence in which the ſpeakers were placed. In a ſtill night the centinels on the ramparts at Portſmouth may be heard at the Iſle of Wight, over a diſtance of five miles; and there are numerous inſtances of low ſounds, ſuch as the beating of a clock or watch, or the ſounds of footſteps, being heard to conſiderable diſtances, when other ſounds do not act on the organ of ſenſe.

In their deſcent to the earth, they paſſed through various ſtrata of vapours, all of different temperatures; and at the inſtant the earth came in ſight, the thermometer ſtarted up through ſeveral degrees, probably becauſe they had quitted a cold maſs of vapour which obſcured their view, or perhaps becauſe the radiant heat of the earth's ſurface might at that moment have reached them unimpaired.

Extracts from Mawman's Excurſion to the Highlands of Scotland.

THE OFFENSIVE AND ABSURD CUSTOM OF HANGING IN CHAINS.

ON our approach to Bawtry, we beheld the ſkeleton of a wretch hanging in chains, and regretted the barbarity of a practice which wounds only the living. Why ſhould the innocent paſſenger be alarmed in the midſt of ſecurity? Why ſhould he be conſtrained to feed, as it were, upon mangled bodies, and to have his mind filled with a recollection of frightful crimes and horrible cataſtrophes? Human ingenuity can neither aggravate, nor aſſuage, torments after death. The expoſed carcaſe feels neither the burnings of a vertical ſun, nor the bitings of an arctic froſt; the fannings of the breeze, nor the buffetings of the winds and ſtorms; no horror is produced, which has any tendency

tendency to prevent crimes; no feeling, but that of pity mixed with diſguſt.

Sagacity of a Fox.

Near theſe falls* we were ſhown a particular ſpot, on the top of an immenſe precipice, where a fox is ſaid once to have exhibited an extraordinary degree of cunning. Being hard preſſed in the chace, he laid hold with his teeth of ſome ſhrubs growing at the edge of the rock, and let his body hang down its ſide; he then drew himſelf back, and leaped as far as poſſible from the place into a contiguous thicket. Four of the leading hounds, eager in purſuit of their prey, flew over the edge of the precipice, and were daſhed to pieces.—This anecdote, wonderful as it may appear to the cockney, will be readily believed by ſportſmen, and by thoſe who have read the natural hiſtory of this crafty animal. Amongſt many extraordinary proofs of its ſagacity, Buffon ſtates, that he is afraid of the hedge-hog when rolled up, but forces it to extend itſelf by trampling upon it with his feet, and as ſoon as the head appears, ſeizes it by the ſnout, and thus accompliſhes his purpoſe of making it his prey.

The Progress of Human Life

Aptly compared to the Riſe, Growth, and final Diſappearance of Great Rivers.

From theſe falls we proceeded towards the lakes in Cumberland. The road is altogether unintereſting. The Clyde flows almoſt the whole way by the way-ſide, but is nearly without banks, and every where a ſhallow contemptible ſtream. Its ſprightly activity diſappears, it no longer winds through groves, or along a diverſified channel; it glitters not in the ſun, nor ſparkles amongſt overhanging leaves; it does not even arreſt the attention of the traveller, and being unaccompanied with verdure becomes an additional object of naked deſolation. But this is only the infancy of the Clyde, whoſe courſe may be compared to that of human life. In childhood man is feeble; with his years his ſtrength increaſes, and he gives the promiſe of mighty powers; then comes the meridian of life, when hurried by impetuous paſſions, and rouſed by war or the chace, he ruſhes through woods and down precipices with irreſiſtible impetuoſity. But anon his ſpirits begin to flag, and his activity ſlackens; he moves with leaden pace, bending toward the grave, his body dull and heavy, "faſhioned for the journey;" and finally, he is ſwallowed up in the ocean of eternity. So it is with the Clyde; here it riſes, ſilently and weakly creeping forward; in its progreſs

* In the vicinity of Lanark.

greſs "ſwollen with many a tributary tide," it glories in its wild career, through foreſts and over rocks, and down the ſublimeſt ſteeps; then does its force abate, and it moves with leſſened activity by Glaſgow, Dunbarton, and Greenock, 'till it is loſt in the boundleſs deep!

An EASY AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THERE are a good many of our modern gentlemen-farmers, who expend more than the value of the fee-ſimple of the ground, in the improvement of a field, and then they produce ſuch a crop of turnips as entitles them to the premium of three or more guineas, from the agricultural ſociety of the county in which they live. On theſe extravagant exploits the French would ſay, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;*" we ſay, "gold may be bought too dear." But to the purpoſe: I have a field on my farm, (it is in Hertfordſhire, not far from Lord Saliſbury's) which might truly be called, as it always was, hungry land; ſo much ſo, that the huſbandmen working on or about it would ſay, as it were proverbially, that if you ſhot upon it a load of dung, it would be eaten up before you could go home and fetch another. I tried various expenſive dreſſings beſide the produce of the ſtable, ſuch as night ſoil, rabbits dung, ſugar ſcum, malt duſt, pot-aſh refuſe, and laſtly, chalk. All would not do. In a hot ſummer, whatever was on it would be burnt up; and indeed almoſt every ſummer was too hot for it, compoſed as it was of gravel and ſtones.

My farm is interſected with a common path; the land which is on one ſide of it, is nearly of the deſcription of the above-mentioned field. The other portion of the farm is of ſo ſtrong a clay, that it holds the rain too long on its ſurface, inſomuch that wherever a horſe has trod into it in wet weather, the hole will retain water like a baſon. My gravelly fields, in a rainy ſeaſon, ſeem to ſay of theſe, in the words of Shakeſpear, "what hath made them drunk, makes me bold; what hath quenched them, hath given me fire." Now, Sir, how to manage ſoils of ſuch oppoſite temperaments was the queſtion. With Horace I may ſay, "*hic labor, hoc opus.*" Well, Sir, the hungry field, or, perhaps, in the ſenſe I view it, the *thirſty* field wanted water all over it, and at all times. Its next neighbour had occaſion for it in one of its corners; for although there would be moiſture enough in every mark of a horſe's hoof, there was none in the field for cattle to drink, when it ſhould be in graſs. I therefore ſet about digging a pond in both, and ſucceeding in that reſpect,

I reflected what I ſhould do with the thouſand load of earth by the ſide of each pond, and which, in the heap, diſfigured the appearance of both fields. To ſpread it near the place where both kinds were dug, did not pleaſe me: in the way of dreſſing, it was worſe than carrying coals to Newcaſtle. When I conſidered that the mending of land almoſt wholly conſiſts in bringing the too tenacious earth into a friable ſtate, and qualifying the too looſe to retain a ſufficient quantity of moiſture for the duly ſuccouring vegetation, I reſolved to put the clay upon the gravel, and the gravel upon the clay. In this way I changed the nature of ten acres, (the neareſt to each pond) in both fields, and by this means (which will not appear ſtrange to the philoſophical farmer) I have mended twenty acres of ground, as long as that ground is to be ſeen. I do not ſay, that manure is not uſeful to it now, nor even that it is not neceſſary; but a load of farm yard dung, or indeed any other fermentable or corruptible compoſt, will go as far at this time, as ten did formerly.

I have familiarly called the above proceeding the alterative ſyſtem, in conſequence of which, my neighbours invite every ſtranger to come, and ſee how my *patients* have been *doctor'd* as they expreſs it: and indeed in moſt ſeaſons, theſe two fields exhibit a curious appearance. Both are nearly of a ſhape and ſize, and meaſure twenty acres each; if then they ſhould all over be ploughed and dreſſed alike, one half of each is ſeen with a vigorous crop, and the reſt a perfect contraſt. In looking at them during the ſummer, whether they are in corn or clover, you are ſtrongly reminded of the print of a man, where one ſide appears the ſkeleton, and the other, the well-clad fine gentleman.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is not pompouſly ſet off as a new diſcovery, it is an experiment that every land-owner may try to any extent; I ſay *land-owner* rather than farmer, becauſe the latter has not the ſame intereſt in doing it as the former has: for this proceeding does not force a large crop at once, to pay for the expence as land ditching ſometimes does. All that I ſhall inſiſt upon is, that as far as it can be conveniently put in practice, it muſt infallibly repay the trouble, ſince its benefit, though not ſuddenly great, is permanent.

I am, Sir, your's,
AGRICOLA.

Remarks on the preſent State of the Affairs of the Britiſh in the Eaſt Indies.

A Queſtion of the greateſt importance at this time is, whether the Britiſh power in the Eaſt Indies be ſo irrevocably conſolidated and cemented, that no foreign force nor domeſtic weakneſs

weakneſs can ſhake it. There is no Engliſhman, poſſeſſing a ſhare of common underſtanding, who is not convinced that the main ſinew of Great Britain's ſtrength is her commerce; as alſo that thereon depends her political exiſtence. This ſpecies of wealth is far ſuperior to the poſſeſſion of gold and ſilver mines. Riches of this latter deſcription carry with them an attendant infirmity; whereas thoſe of commerce create a ſtrength for their own protection. *Vires accreſcit eundo.*

That a foreign trade then is every thing to us, muſt be admitted. Our national debt renders it abſolutely neceſſary for the public ſupport. Some think we could live without it, becauſe we did formerly: but the caſe is otherwiſe now. The bare diminution of it would be ſufficient to endanger our governmental eſtabliſhments. It is from the profits of our commerce that the people are enabled to pay the taxes appropriated to diſcharge the intereſt of ſo enormous a debt as five hundred millions of pounds ſterling!!! The falling off in this particular, for one year only, might be productive of incalculable miſchief. A revolution in the government might be the conſequence; for it would occaſion a change in the way of thinking, and in the expectations of the people, and a revolution in men's minds is known to be the precurſor of a revolution in government.

A truth in the next degree obvious to the one maintained of the value and neceſſity of our foreign commerce, is, that the portion of it which is carried on with our poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies, is the firſt in the ſcale of importance, and conſequently deſerves particular attention and protection. There are a certain claſs of men who think nothing in the ſhape of reverſes can happen to this country: that as providence and the wiſdom of our anceſtors have exalted the glory of our iſle to ſo high a pitch, there is no reaſon to be anxious for our future fate. As in the natural body, our very ſtrength becomes diſeaſe, ſo in the political body, great proſperity, or in other words, wide-ſpread commerce, invites dangers, and demands more than ever the care and vigilance of the guardians of the ſtate for its preſervation.

There is great room to cenſure thoſe perſons, who, having the credit of underſtanding the affairs of the eaſt better than others, ſo lately affirmed that there could be no danger of a war with the Mahrattas; and that as Tippoo Saib and his power were annihilated, nothing for a long period to come could impede our ſucceſsful career in the Eaſt Indies. Theſe boaſters either wilfully deceived their hearers, or they have been woefully deceived themſelves. We do, alas! find ourſelves at war with the Mahrattas, and a tough enemy they prove to be. The ſame perſons who ſpoke with ſo much confidence before, perſiſt ſtill in ſaying, that the Eaſt India company can ſo ſucceſsfully play off any one of the native powers againſt another, as to be able to curb a third, if not totally annihilate it, whenever it ſhews a diſ-

poſition to be hoſtile; for that no European power, however diſpoſed, can ſupport or aid a native prince with an armed force to any extent, ſo as to give us juſt alarm, having no fleets to convey ſuch ſuccours thither. Let us not, however, be too ſecure on this point: we have a vigilant and adventurous enemy to cope with. It is impoſſible to ſay what he may not attempt; he has gained more than one victory by a kind of deſperate effort. There can be no fear but the Engliſh ſhips will do their duty, but there may be ſome apprehenſions, however, that, by means of rewards and threats, the French may alſo be impelled to a vigorous reſiſtance. Accident might give them a temporary ſuperiority, and in ſuch a caſe, at a juncture like the preſent, it is eaſy to foreſee what calamities might follow.

The native powers of India begin to be acquainted with our ambitious policy, and are therefore leſs eaſily induced to fall in with our views on a neighbour or rival. As we cannot, therefore, have the uſe of the ſame inſtruments as heretofore to effect our deſigns, let us change our plan of operations altogether. Let us endeavour to conſolidate what we have already obtained, and not ſeek to extend our ſway.

It may enrich a commander in chief, and gratify the companions of his expedition, to ſeize upon a town, and ſubjugate a province, but the preſervation of the whole is endangered to the India company, in proportion to every additional foot of land conquered from the country. The view of the marquis of Welleſley ſeems to have been CONQUEST; let us hope that of his ſucceſſor is CONCILIATION. The object is ſuited to the Marquis Cornwallis's years, to his judgment, and to his talents. He is too wiſe and too experienced to need being told, that the conquerors of the eaſt, like Alexander, are in danger of being ſubdued by the wealth of the eaſt.

Anſwer, by W. Giles, a Pupil in Mr. Chivers's School, at St. Auſtell, to Cornubia's Queſtion, inſerted April 8.

WE get from the firſt given equation $y=\frac{12.x}{1+x}$: this ſubſtituted for its equal in the maximum, gives, after proper reduction, &c. $x^2=\frac{20x}{3}$ (a quadratic equation), whence, by completing the ſquare, &c. we get $x=8.133$ nearly—and $y=\frac{12-x}{1+x}=.423$, &c. which two numbers being applied to the queſtion will be found to anſwer.

Anſwer, by W. Tucker, of Tilſhead-ſchool, to T. Prout's Charade, inſerted March 25.

FLAG-SHIP will, without a doubt,
Make your charade clearly out.

Anſwer, by Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes Volunteers, to J. B. Bloomfield's Rebus, inſerted April 29.

MARY's the female's name you mean,
As in your rebus may be ſeen.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole; and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Anſwer, by W. Mann, of Aſhburton, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted April 29.

O Come, ſweet contemplation! come,
And pure devotion bring,
T' aſſiſt me in the GREEN-HOUSE fair,
My Maker's praiſe to ſing.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; Adrianus; P. Gove, of Exeter; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

A REBUS, *by R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole.*

A Son of Jupiter firſt find;
A king of Thebes next call to mind;
A goddeſs much engag'd in wars;
Alſo a title ſhew of Mars;
And Rome's great founder next define,
Deſcending from Æneas' line:
Place the initials right and true,
An ancient poet comes in view.

A CHARADE, *by T. Gill, Exciſe Officer, near Wells.*

AN Engliſh title firſt define:
My next ſteals on us day by day:
My whole, when rightly you combine,
Will th' honour of my firſt pourtray.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

A Town in Yorkſhire, wits declare,
My firſt you'll then explain;
Over my next keen blows the air,
When winter cold doth reign.

But when bright Sol's refulgent ray,
With verdure clothes the field;
Then doth my whole to fair and gay,
Paſtime and pleaſure yield.

Oft have I long its ſummit ſtray'd,
To view the vale below;
Where ſcenes unrivall'd are diſplay'd,
And meand'ring Thames doth flow.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADDRESS TO DELIA.

ROSY spring, prolific queen,
Now arrays the fields in green;
Come, my Delia, let us haste,
And the sweets of nature taste.

See, gay flow'rs, a num'rous train,
Deck the renovated plain;
Sure such scenes as these impart
Pleasures to the feeling heart.

Come let's haste to yonder mead,
Where the nibbling lambkins feed;
And the warbling, tuneful throng,
Sweetly pour the amorous song.

Then to yonder bow'r we'll hie,
For what can in sweetness vie
With the woodbine flow'r that grows
There entwined with the rose?

In my Delia's lov'd retreat,
Lo! I'll cull the choicest sweets;
Sweets from Flora's bosom torn,
Thee my charmer to adorn.

Thus we'll pass a pleasing hour,
Blest with friendship's soothing pow'r;
While the thrush, from yonder spray,
Pours his love-inspiring lay.

From the noon-tide's glowing heat
We shall find a safe retreat,
'Midst the sweets that round us spring,
Fann'd by zephyr's silken wing.

There we'll sit, secure from care,
And inhale the balmy air;
'Till the night-bird's plaintive tale
Echoes thro' the twilight vale.

Then ere darkness veils the sky,
Since dull night approaches nigh,
We'll the pleasing scene admire,
And delighted both retire.

Malborough, May, 1805. THOMAS JARVIS.

LINES *on the late Rev.* HENRY MOORE, *of Lifkeard.*

BARD of the golden lyre! that pour'd'ſt again
Immortal Dryden's more majeſtic ſtrain;
Taught by the muſe to roll in pomp along
The moral thunders of her loftieſt ſong;

To

To fire the ſoul in god-like virtue's cauſe,
And wake the echoes of well-earn'd applauſe;
To raiſe, for "Zion's" fate, the deep drawn ſigh,
While horror glares in pity's dew-bright eye;
Or breathe in fainter notes thy widow'd heart,
With hope, with joy, with love, condemn'd to part,
Like a ſick babe that weeps itſelf to reſt
On "Reſignation's" ſoft maternal breaſt;
Fix'd on thy page while admiration hung,
And rapturous wonder chain'd the faultering tongue,
What ſtruggling paſſions kindled in my ſoul,
The glance indignant flaſh'd, or gave the tear to roll!
Was this the man to pine in ſhades away,
Uncheer'd by fortune's animating ray?
To totter feebly on, oppreſs'd with gloom,
To cold obſcurity's unletter'd tomb!
No, genius, no! it breaks the envious cloud,
Potent no more thy ſacred beams to ſhroud:
Haſte! to his lips the ſparkling goblet raiſe,
Rich with the cordial nectar-draught of praiſe;
Fame, bind the laurel round his hoary head,
And o'er his fading form thy wings of glory ſpread!

But huſh! the warbled notes have touch'd his ear,
And rapture ſparkles in that falling tear;
That conſcious ſmile exulting genius fires,
That throbbing breaſt ecſtatic hope inſpires.
Now, now, ſhall glow the bard's declining day,
And late, like ſummer-ſuns, fade glorioufly away!

In vain:—chill palſy marks his deſtin'd prize,
Wing'd with keen ice th' unerring javelin flies,
The blameleſs poet ſighs his parting breath,
And ſinks and ſlumbers in the arms of death!

O! much lamented! on thy modeſt bier
Long, long, ſhall ſtream the ſympathetic tear;
Juſtice ſhall ſnatch the tardy trump of fame,
And mourning muſes hymn thy favourite name.

But hence, terreſtrial thoughts of vain renown!
Thine are the glories of a nobler crown;
Our tranſient monuments ſhall die away,
Frail as our ſelves, the feeble ſons of clay:
Thy ſpirit ſoars, from earthly bondage free,
To graſp the peerleſs prize—eternity!

L. A.

SONNET *to the* MOON.

BRIGHT Cynthia, hail! thou charming queen of night!
By thy ſoft beams I dearly love to ſtray;
And by thy pale, thy mild, and ſilv'ry light,
Admiring, I could muſe whole nights away.
Methinks, in ſilent contemplation here,
Gazing on thee, I could for ever ſit;
In pleaſing meditation, baniſh fear,
And every earthly care I'd ſoon forget.
Now no rude ſound breaks on my liſt'ning ear,
The buſy, thoughtleſs world, are ſunk to reſt;
Except, ſweet Philomel, thy voice I hear,
Which ſerves the more to ſooth my tranquil breaſt.
Of theſe ſublimer pleaſures to partake,
The world and all its charms I would forſake.